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The Soldier's Return

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The Great Sea Snake.

Perhaps you all have heard of a yarn,
About a great sea snake,
That once appear'd off the isle of Pitcairn,
And was seen by Admiral Blake;
Now list not what land lubbers tell,
But give an ear to me,
And I'll tell to you what me befel,
'Cause I'm just come from sea.

Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

This snake they say measured miles twice two,
But there they surely lied,
For I was one of the very ship's crew,
By whom it's length was tried;
One morning from his head we bore,
With every stitch of sail,
And going at ten knots an hour,
In two years came to his tale.

As curl'd all up this snake did lay,
Five thousand miles about,
A ship by chance came by that way,
For a colony set out;
This snake mistook for the promis'd lands,
And grievous thing good lack!
Men, women, babes, and a thousand hands,
All lodg'd on the snake's back.

And there they liv'd for a year or two,
With oxen, pigs, and sheep,
The snake, you may believe it's true,
Was all this while asleep;
But when they'd built a handsome church,
And houses of a row,
The snake he left them in a lurch,
By diving down below.

Now once on end with all his strength,
This snake to stand did try,
But when he'd got up half his length,
His head did touch the sky;
Some seamen who this snake did note,
Thought it was fam'd Teneriffe,
So straitway sent their jolly boat,
For fresh water and beef.

The sea he fills with breakers new,
By the shedding of his teeth,
On which was shipwreck'd the whole crew,
Of a vessel bound for Leith,
So landsmen all I pray give ear,
And do some pity take,
You see what dangers did appear,
Thro' this thundering large sea snake.

The Soldier's Return.

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,
That had been blear'd with mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor, but honest sodger.
A leal light heart beat in my breast,
My hands unstain'd wi' plunder,
And for fair Scotia's hame again,
I cheery on did wander,
I thought upon the banks of Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon her witching smile,
That caught my youthful fancy.
At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported,
I past the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted,
Wha spied I, but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling,
And turn'd me round to hide the flood,
That in my e'e was swelling.
Wi' alter'd voice, quo' I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom!
O, happy! happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom,
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
Fain would I be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
Take pity on a sodger.
Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him I shall never;
Our hamely cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake o't;
That gallant badge, that dear cockade,
You're welcome for the sake o't.
She gaz'd—she reddened like a rose—
Soon, pale as ony lily,
She sank within his arms and cried,
Art thou mine ain dear Willy?
By him that made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man!—and thus may still,
True lovers be rewarded.
The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true hearted;
Tho' poor in gear yet rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted,
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gow'd,
A mailin plenish'd fairly;
Come then, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.
For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour,
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

Sold by J. Livsey, 43, Hanover-Street, Shudehill, Manchester.